

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

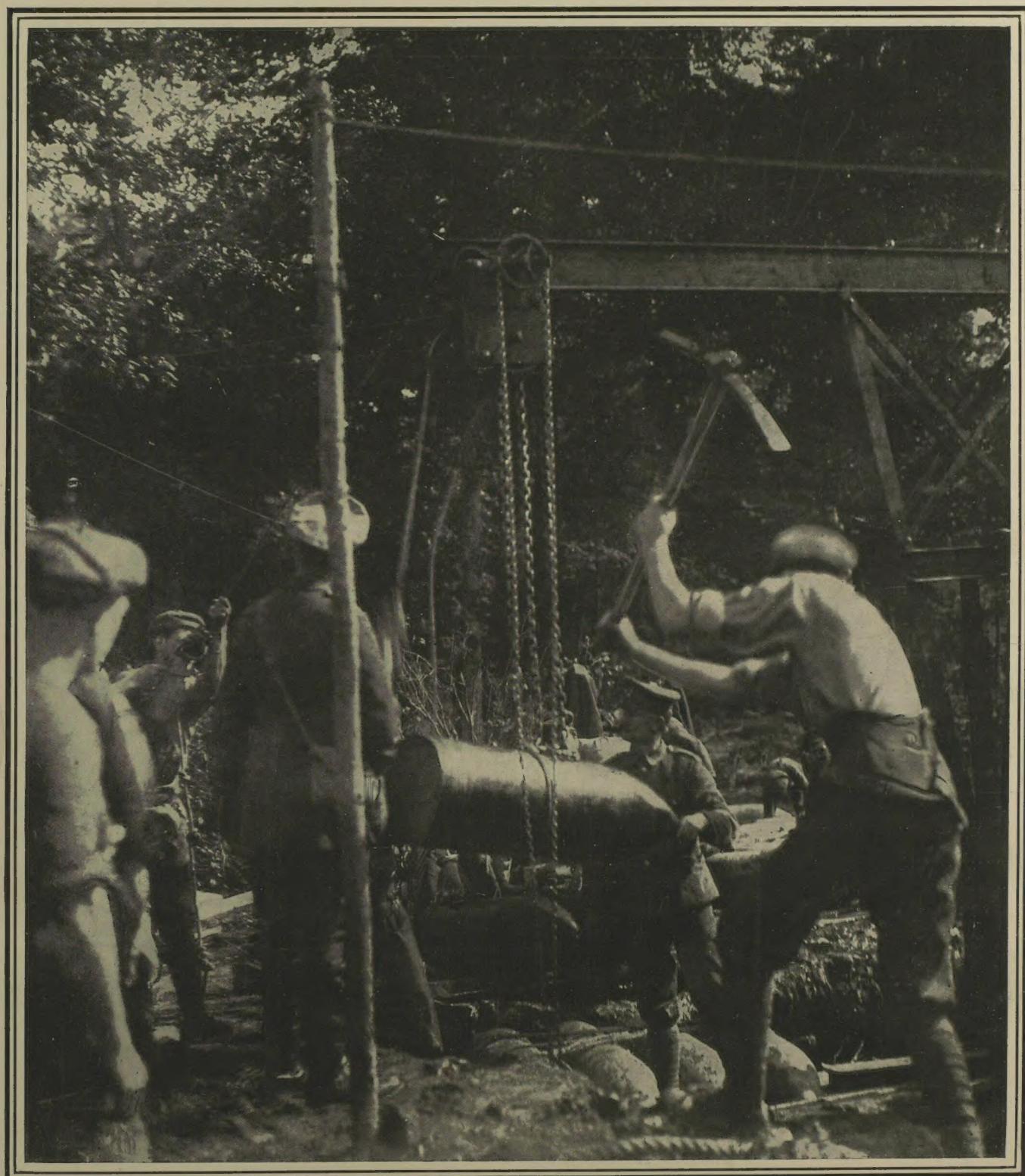
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SIXPENCE.

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HEAVY GUN-POWER BEHIND THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE: HOISTING UP A 15-INCH SHELL FOR "GRANDMOTHER,"
BEFORE BOMBARDING BEAUMONT HAMEL ON JULY 1.

This and other officially authorised photographs in this number were taken, on July 1, during the great British offensive which began on that day. The size of these huge 15-inch shells for one of our heavy guns is a sufficient indication of the enormous weight of metal which the British artillery is now able to bring to bear upon the German defences, and makes it easy to understand how terrific must have been the effect of the

preliminary bombardment. The particular shells seen in the photograph were used against the enemy's position at Beaumont Hamel, a village in the northern section of the British advance, about a mile south-west of Serre and an equal distance north-west of the River Ancre. In this district there was violent fighting afterwards. The type of gun that fires these big shells is known familiarly as "Grandmother."

"IT IS A GOOD DAY FOR ENGLAND AND FRANCE": PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



"WOUNDED AND NERVE-SHAKEN IN THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT": GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH TROOPS.



"THIS WAS THE WORK OF OUR GUNS . . . IT IS A GOOD DAY FOR ENGLAND'S DAY": BRITISH SHELLS BURSTING ON THE GERMAN FRONT LINE.



"THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS GAVE THEM WATER, AND ONE OF OUR OFFICERS SHIPPED HIS CIGARETTE-CASE": THE FIRST BATCH OF GERMAN PRISONERS, IN A BARBED WIRE ENCLIQUE.



THE WORK OF OUR GUNNAGE AND MUNITION FACTORIES BEARING FRUIT AT THE FRONT: A BRITISH HEAVY HOWITZER ABOUT TO FIRE.



REMARKABLY YOUNG-LOOKING (E.G., THE MAN ON CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH



THE EXTREME LEFT): SOME OF THE 4000 GERMAN TROOPS ON JULY 1 AND 2.

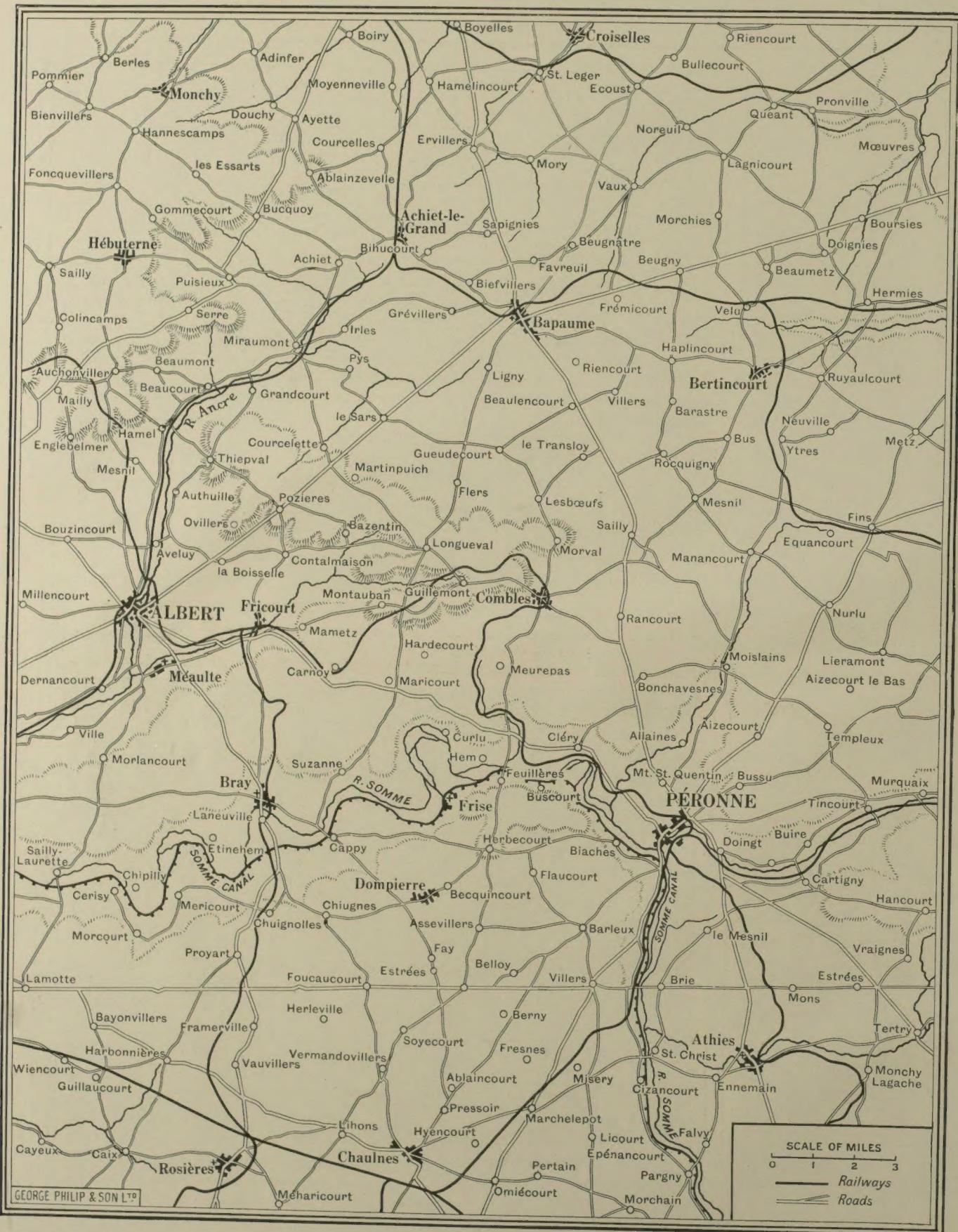


"LUCKY JIM": ONE OF THE BRITISH HEAVY HOWITZERS USED WITH TREMENDOUS EFFECT IN THE BOMBARDMENT.

"And so, after the first-day of battle, we may say with thankfulness, 'All goes well. It is a good day for England and France!'" So writes Mr. Philip Gibbs in his fine description of the opening of the great Anglo-French offensive, opened at midnight on July 1. Continuing, he says: "For nearly a week now we have been bombarding the enemy's lines from the Ypres sector, and the results of this bombardment cover the meaning of it. . . . This secret was foreshadowed by many signs. Travelling along the roads we saw the new guns arriving—heavy guns and field-guns, week after week. We were told of a great weight of supplies. . . . (I am sure) the first batch of prisoners brought in, in parties of 50 to 100 they came down, guarded by men of the Border Regiments. They were damaged fruit, some of these poor fellows, wounded and nerve-shaken in the great bombardment. Most of them belonged to the 20th and 21st Regiments of the 14th Reserve Corps, and they seemed to be a mixed lot of Prussians and Bavarians. . . . Over the

barbed wire which had been stretched across a farmyard, in the shadow of an old French church, I spoke to some of them. . . . One man told me that most of his comrades and himself had been without food and water for several days, so intense fire made it impossible to get supplies up the communication-trenches. About the bombardment he raised his hands and eyes a moment—eyes full of a remembered horror—and said, "Ex war schrecklich! . . . it was horrible. . . . Some of his fellow-prisoners lay on the ground all bloody and mangled. One of them seemed about to die. But the English soldiers gave them water, and one of our officers emptied his canteen-case into the mouth of all he had to make!" An official British despatch of July 1 said: "The number of prisoners now reaches over 4000." By that time the French had captured Soissons. On July 3 it was stated that the total number taken by the Allies was 13,500, and on July 4 that an entire battalion of Prussian infantry, 60 officers and 200 men, had surrendered to the British at Fricourt."

THE GREAT ANGLO-FRENCH OFFENSIVE: THE TERRAIN OF THE ADVANCE.



SHOWING THE 25-MILE FRONT ON WHICH THE BRITISH AND FRENCH TROOPS ADVANCED ON JULY 1: A MAP INCLUDING THE ALLIED LINE FROM GOMMECOURT TO FAY, AND THE RIVERS ANCRE AND SOMME.

The news that the long-awaited offensive by the Allies in the West had begun was received with enthusiasm both in this country and in France, although both nations realise that the time has not yet come for flag-flying and celebrations of victory, such as Berlin is reputed to indulge in whenever the German troops have obtained a local success. The forward movement was rather hailed as an auspicious beginning of what is likely to prove a long and costly operation, but at the same time as an event which might be regarded as a turning-point of the war. In the great battle which began on

July 1, the initial British advance was made on a front of about nineteen miles, extending from Gommecourt in the north to the neighbourhood of Montauban, about six miles east of Albert; while on the British right the French, further south, went forward on a front of about six miles between Hardcourt and Fay, and took a number of villages. In the opening action the most important British success was the capture of Montauban. Fighting continued, and doubtless other places besides those mentioned in the earlier reports will now take their place in history.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF LA BOISELLE: "PREPARING" OUR OFFENSIVE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



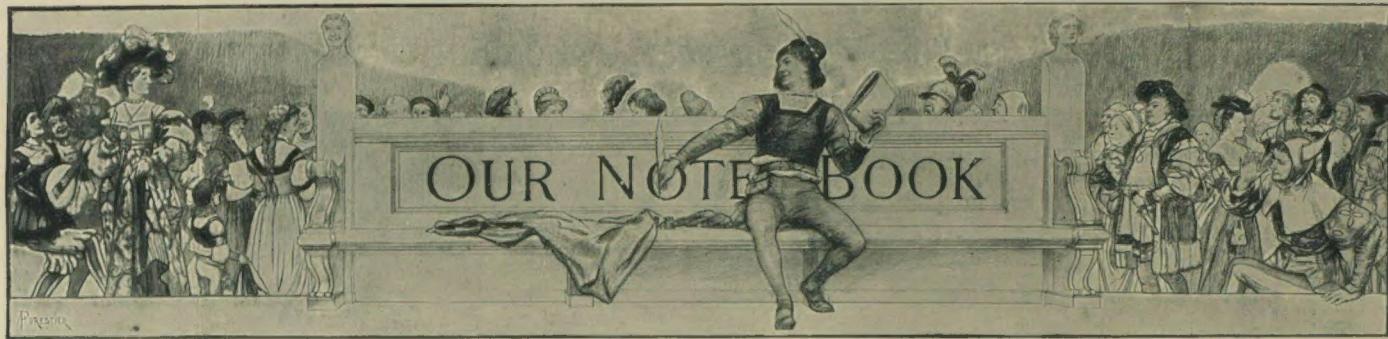
ARTILLERY PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: THE BOMBARDMENT OF LA BOISELLE—OUR SHELLS BURSTING IN THE GERMAN LINES.



"ONE OF THE GREATEST ARTILLERY BATTLES IN WHICH BRITISH GUNNERS HAVE BEEN ENGAGED": THE SHELLING OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES BEFORE THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

The capture of La Boiselle, a village some two miles east of Albert, was mentioned in a British despatch of July 1, but heavy fighting continued around it. A vivid eye-witness's impression of the preparatory bombardment was given by Mr. Philip Gibbs, in a message of the same date. "We stood watching one of the greatest artillery battles in which British gunners have been engaged—up to that night (June 30) the greatest. . . . The full power of our artillery was let loose at about 6 o'clock this morning (July 1). Nothing like it has ever been seen or heard upon our front before, and all the preliminary

bombardment, great as it was, seemed insignificant to this. . . . I could see our shells falling upon the German lines by Thiépval and La Boiselle and further by Marmetz, and southwards over Fricourt. High explosives were tossing up great vomits of black smoke and earth all along the ridges. Shrapnel was pouring upon these places, and leaving curly white clouds, which clung to the ground. . . . I found it in my heart to pity the poor devils who were there, and yet was filled by a strange and awful exultation, because this was the work of our guns, and because it was England's day."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is a moral to the manner in which the German Government is still dribbling out, lingeringly and as if casually, the details of its naval defeat, so that it may still seem like a victory. It is connected with the very cogent theory about the whole shape and nature of the end of the war. As their difficulties are closing round them, the Germans have the choice of two or three lines to take in the matter. They have apparently chosen their line; and as I have never dreamed of denying the courage, the patriotism, or the other barbaric virtues of the bulk of the German people, I really wish, for their credit and for the common credit of combative mankind, that they had taken any other.

The point of view peculiar to Prussianised Germany was simple enough on an assumption of success. It was stated by numberless German writers, and, I am sorry to say, copied by some English ones. It might be succinctly stated in the form that the only ideal is the real; in the sense that all good is a result of realisation. "What I can be assuredly thou shalt not prevent me from being." The clever Jew who calls himself Maximilian Harden, who was the mouthpiece and eulogist of Bismarck, put the ordinary Prussian view at the very beginning of the war, in an article in which he avowed and boasted that Germany had provoked the conflict and had struck the first blow. He asked what right the oak-tree needed in order to push its way above the smaller trees and bushes. It is, of course, a babyish and brutally obvious philosophy; and the answer to it is almost equally obvious. Even a German philosopher must admit that a tree, when it falls on a man, shows much less mental mastery, and even much less force of will, than a man when he cuts down a tree. And it is precisely the difference between the two that a tree may fall on any sort of man: whereas a man, if he has been well brought up, will not cut down any other man's tree. In point of fact, the oak-tree pushes its way through the bushes because the oak-tree cannot help it, any more than the bushes. The only real super-oak would be an oak that could see a bush and avoid it. It is true that the ingenuous Harden himself has, since that time, left off being an oak-tree and become a reed, if not a straw. He is the sort of straw that shows which way the wind blows. In other words, not being himself a German, but an intelligent cosmopolitan alien, he can see that the bushes are at present getting very much the best of it; and he is counselling peace almost as cynically as he originally counselled war. But more representative groups of Germans, especially in the governing class, are evidently not thus prepared to take the matter in the detached spirit of the defeated gambler. Their phrases are still full of what we may call for convenience the philosophy of the oak-tree. And that philosophy is brought to an exceedingly simple test, which more sensible people might be expected to foresee—a test so simple that it is scarcely necessary to recite it here. If your right is in your might, what becomes of it when your might begins to look a little dicky? What form of remonstrance does the controversial talent of an oak-tree generally address to other trees when he finds they are taller than he is? When this question is asked, the voice of the vegetable is generally a little confused. For some time it seemed to resolve itself into saying, "It is grossly unreasonable that you should be taller than I, when I am taller than you." This was a controversial position that could not, however, be long maintained without

complications; and Prussia, as I said at the beginning, is at a sort of parting of the controversial paths. She is faced with the dilemma of either claiming a might which is now denied to her, or a right that she has herself denied. The immediate future, and the whole way in which the war will end (granted, as is now granted by all rational people, that it cannot end with a real German victory), depends on this necessary addendum to the somewhat simple German theory.

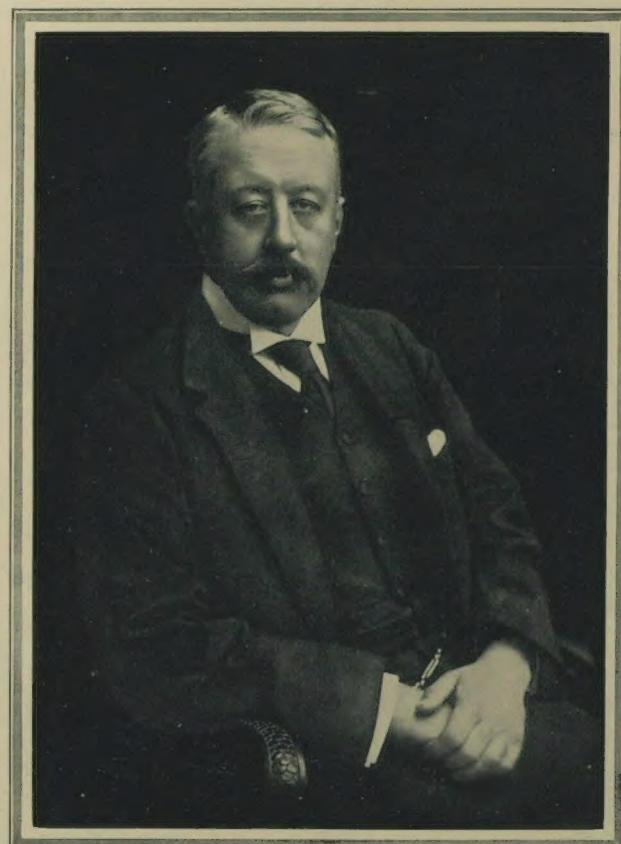
It seems clear, to drop the parable, that the rulers of the German Empire still think it wisdom to encourage the original German folly. They still think an illusion of invincibility can be and had better be maintained among the great masses of their people. But the divergence between the romance and the

of the Junker party would hardly say that there has been a breathlessly rapid sweep upon Verdun. It was not much for such immense armies to conquer the Belgians, or even the Serbians; still, Belgium and Serbia were conquered. It is more and more blazingly manifest that the French and the British are the very reverse of conquered. Before long, the enemy will probably find himself unable to claim even those external and very fallacious forms of success which concern mere movement or mere locality: the making of unvictorious advances or the capturing of unfortified forts. He will find himself in a controversial necessity, no longer of turning less into more, but rather of turning no into yes. It will not be a question of one side exaggerating or another minimising an event, but rather of each side talking as if it referred to a different event. Of this transformation the first example that has come to hand has been the extraordinary example of the Battle of Jutland.

The ultimate and logical result of such a process, if the two elements in it could continue parallel indefinitely, would seem to be that Germany and the rest of Europe would be living in two different worlds. The Germans often speak, with a special emphasis, of having a future of their own. If this went on they would have, in a peculiar sense, a past of their own. While *der Tag* meant to-morrow, they could naturally fashion it to their fancy; but, as things are developing, it looks as if they will continue to do so even when *der Tag* means yesterday. With all the admitted extravagance and bias in all books of history, it is very uncommon to find a case like that of the two versions of the Jutland fight. We do not find the English actually claiming the Battle of Bannockburn as an English victory, or the Scotch denying that the Battle of Flodden was a Scottish defeat. There were battles of which the issue might really be called doubtful—the Battle of Sherrifmuir, for example—but in those cases both sides more or less agreed that they were doubtful. But the Jutland affair, in the face of the facts as we now know them, was no more doubtful than Austerlitz or Waterloo. Yet there can hardly be the smallest doubt that the Prussian authorities are presenting an entirely optimistic version of it; and presenting it successfully, at least so far as some considerable sections of German opinion are concerned. If peace could be made in present conditions, or in conditions at all resembling the present (as some weak-minded, and therefore pig-headed, people are attempting to make it), there cannot be any reasonable doubt whatever that the fight off Jutland will placidly take its place in German history as the German Trafalgar. The possibility of so colossal a case of cross-purposes is in itself a sufficient indication that a premature peace might mean an almost permanent war. Even the presence of two contradictory ideals could hardly be a more deadly and daily peril than the presence of two contradictory memories. One side in the dispute would be for ever arguing from fictitious experiences, and

emulating fictitious examples. Anyone who will trust the German temperament with such a blank cheque of false and imaginative history must have been asleep during the last two years. It would be far better even for the Germans themselves if they could at length realise and remember a defeat as dramatic as that of the tragedy of Kosovo, which has inspired centuries of valour and victory, and renewed only the other day the certainty of the resurrection of Serbia.

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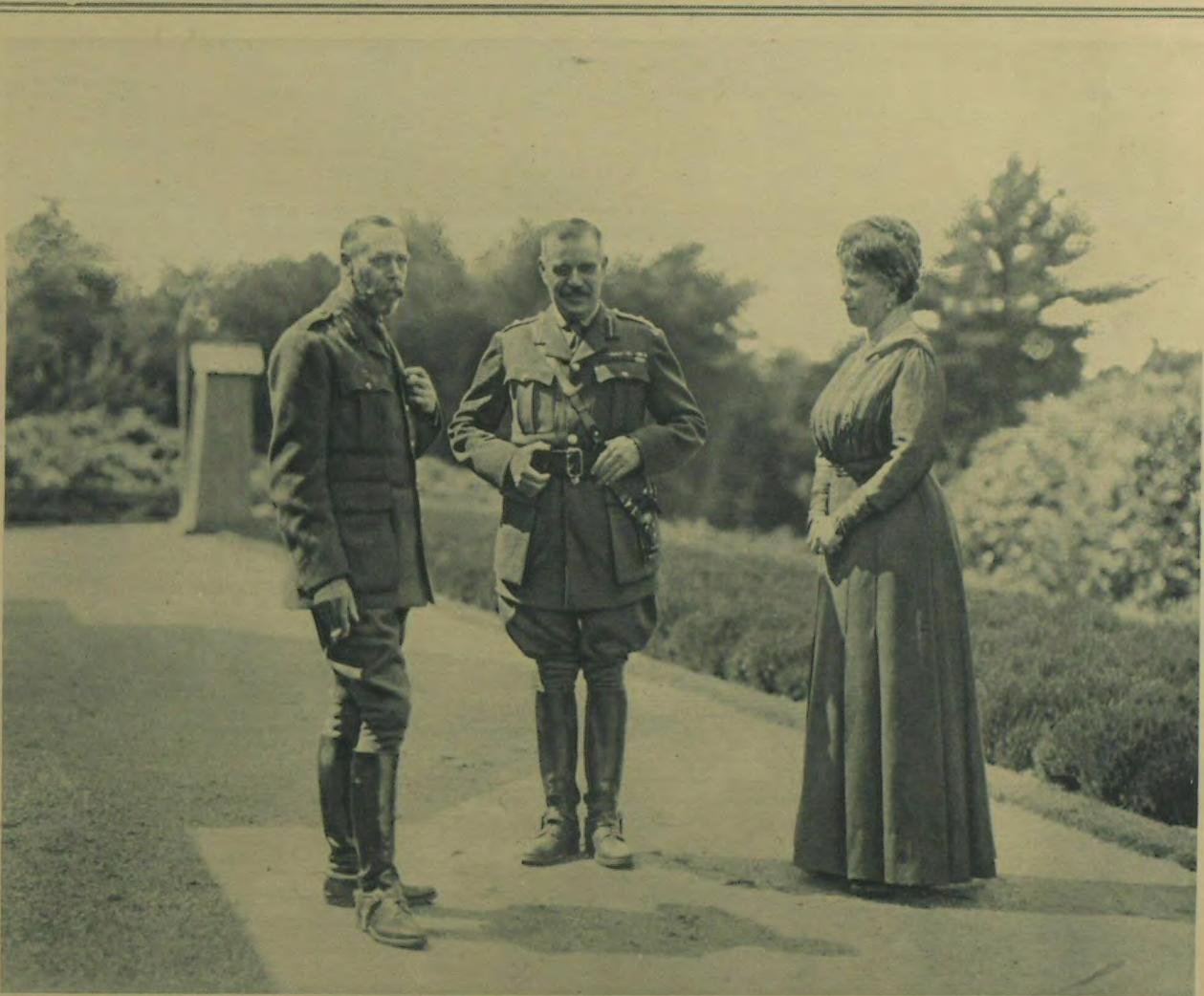
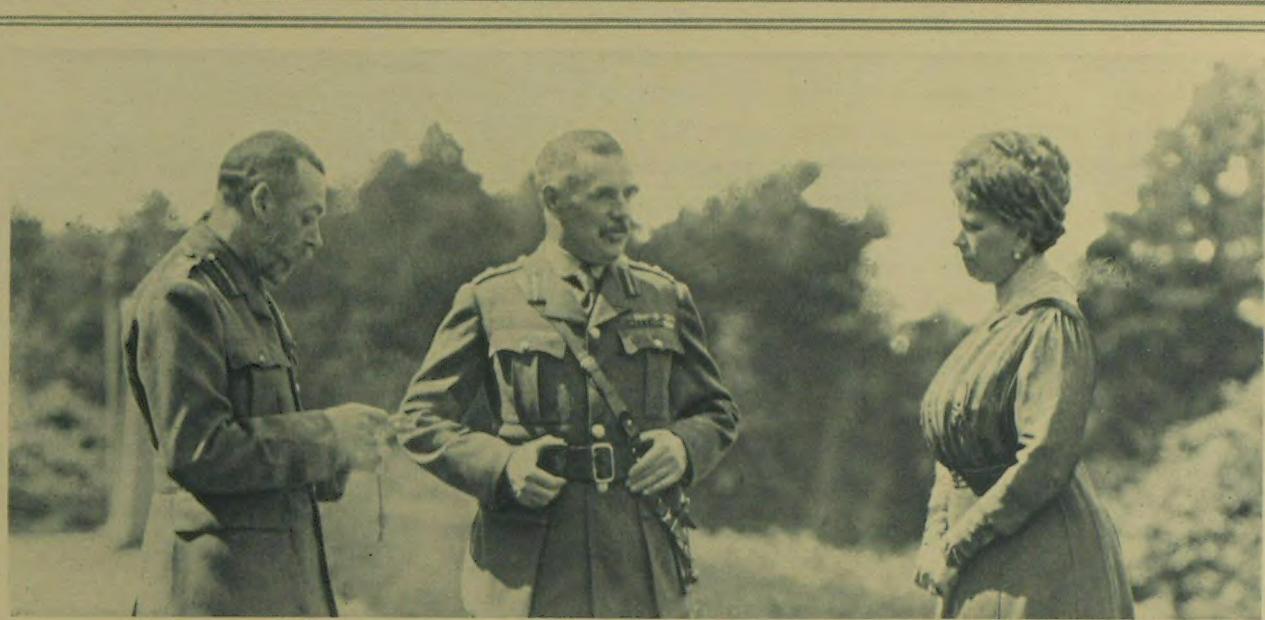
TO BE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA: HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., G.C.V.O.

It was officially announced on June 28 that the King had approved the appointment of the Duke of Devonshire to be Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada, in succession to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Victor Christian William Cavendish, ninth Duke of Devonshire, was born in 1868, and succeeded his uncle, the late Duke, in 1908. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and at the age of twenty-three he entered Parliament as Member for West Derbyshire, a seat which he retained until he succeeded to the peerage. From 1900 to 1903 he was Treasurer to His Majesty's Household, and for the next two years Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Last year he became a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He is Hon. Colonel of the 5th Battalion, Sherwood Foresters, and was formerly a Major in the Derbyshire Yeomanry. In 1909 he became Chancellor of the University of Leeds, and on New Year's Day this year he was created a Knight of the Garter. The Duke married, in 1892, Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, elder daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, and they have two sons and five daughters.—[Photograph by G. and R. Lavis.]

reality must necessarily increase in a degree for which their previous experiences can have given them no measure. In the earlier part of the war they enormously exaggerated their successes; but they had something to exaggerate. The Russian retreat was not a rout, nor anything like a rout; but it was a retreat. Even the German journalists will hardly maintain that the Russians are now retreating into Galicia. The rapid sweep upon Paris was ultimately a failure; but it was a rapid sweep. Even the organs

THE KING'S INTEREST IN THE SERVICES: A VISIT TO ALDERSHOT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



DISCUSSING EVENTS WITH THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN WITH GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ALDERSHOT.

These new photographs illustrate once more the untiring interest which his Majesty takes in the doings of the Services. It is not long since he returned from his journey North to inspect the Grand Fleet, and congratulate its officers and men on their great deeds in the naval battle. Hardly had he returned home, when he was off again to encourage by his kindly presence the men of the sister service at Aldershot. Accompanied by the Queen, his Majesty took up his quarters at the Royal Pavilion for a visit of

some length. On the day after it began they received General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who, since Lord Kitchener's death, holds the position of most responsibility on the military side at the War Office. On July 1 their Majesties, attended by Lord French and Sir Archibald Hunter, inspected Canadian troops at Aldershot, and visited a military hospital at Farnham. On Sunday, the 2nd, they attended service in the Chapel of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

WITH THE TROOPS IN MESOPOTAMIA: AT A CERTAIN CAMP.

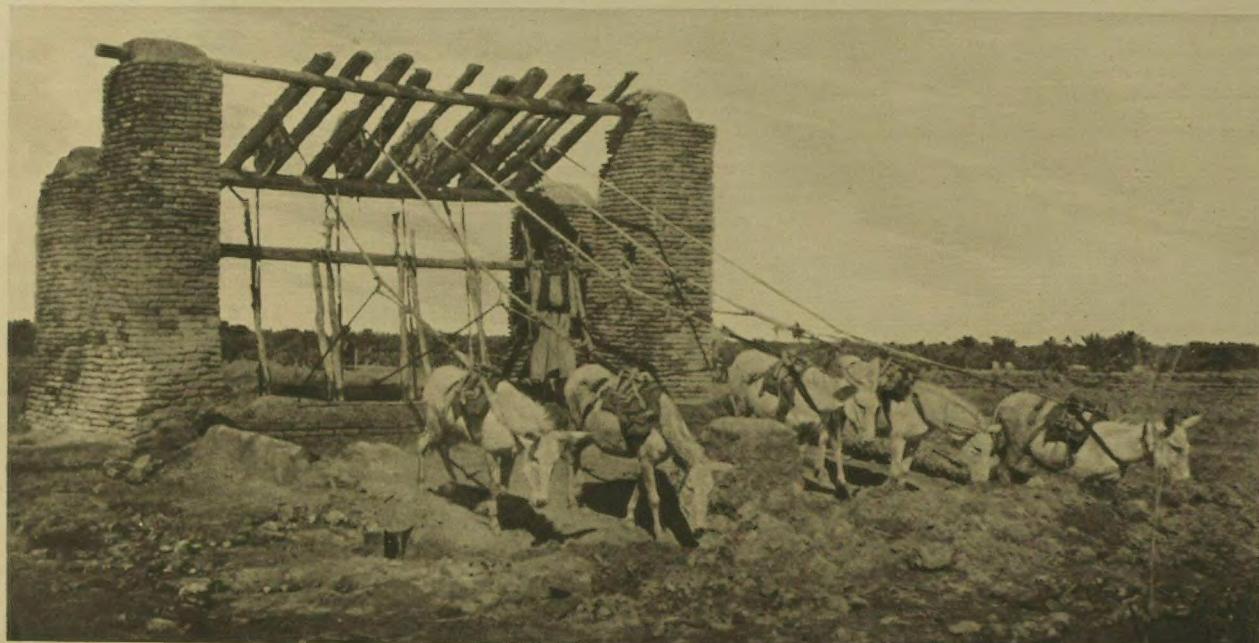
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



THE EVER-NECESSARY BARBED-WIRE BARRIER: SEPOYS CONSTRUCTING AN ENTANGLEMENT ROUND A PRISONERS' CAMP.



THE PRISONERS' ENCLOSURE: THE SURROUNDING WALL OF BARBED WIRE AND THE ENTRANCE-GATEWAY.



AT THEIR DAILY TASK OF KEEPING THE CAMP SUPPLIED WITH WATER: A DONKEY TEAM THAT WORKS PRACTICALLY WITHOUT ORDERS.



LINED WITH OLD TINS TO PREVENT THE SAND FILLING IT UP: A DESERT WATER-HOLE—AT THE TOP.



LINED WITH OLD TINS TO PREVENT THE SAND FILLING IT UP: A DESERT WATER-HOLE—AT THE BOTTOM.

Barbed wire has become as indispensable an item of military munitions as are bullets. No camp is safe against a hostile rush without its outlying barbed-wire barrier. There is also no more efficient means for hedging round a camp of prisoners. The open rows of wire hold up all who may attempt to get across, and detain them exposed to magazine-rifle or machine-gun fire, whether it be the case of an enemy attempting to "rush" a camp from without, or prisoners from within attempting to escape.—The third of the foregoing illustrations is a camp scene in Mesopotamia. The five donkeys, describes the

sender of the photograph, are employed in drawing water from a native irrigation canal near the Tigris. They walk up and down a slope, harnessed to ropes fastened to the buckets that draw the water. At the top and bottom the donkeys stop to let the buckets fill and empty alternately. They work also, it is stated, practically without needing attention.—In the last two illustrations are shown a desert water-hole. The water is kept from draining or filtering away into the dry soil round the hole by a tightly-wedged together, compact lining of old tins; discarded camp refuse so turned to real service.

VERDUN: A YEAR BEFORE THE GREAT WAR—AND NOW.



JULY 1913: BY THE MEUSE AT VERDUN, WITH THE BRIDGE AND THE CHAUSSÉE TOWER TO THE RIGHT, AND BELLEVILLE ON THE HORIZON.



JULY 1916: IN ONE OF THE BOMBARDED DISTRICTS OF THE LOWER TOWN ALONGSIDE THE RIVER.

When war broke out, Verdun was one of the four great barrier-fortresses which guarded the French frontier against Germany. Belfort, Epinal, and Toul were the other three. In August 1914 Verdun had 16 large forts, 21 intermediate forts, and 47 permanent batteries on a perimeter of 32 miles. The advent of the monster 16-inch German howitzers and the fate of Liège, Namur, and Maubeuge caused the entire system of the Verdun defences to be revolutionised during the autumn of 1914; and along the outer lines, as reorganised, the present battle has been proceeding since February. The city itself was cleared of its population at the outset of the fighting, and left an empty shell.

At the vacated buildings the Germans have been hammering with incendiary and high-explosive shells—Mr. Stanley Washburn notes that 800 fell in the streets in one morning—until the interior of the city has been reduced to ruins; but the razing of Verdun to the ground cannot affect the French main positions. The upper illustration (from a sketch by A. Renaudin) shows the centre of the city along the Meuse on a July day in 1913. To the right is one of the old towers at the Porte Chaussée, and the Meuse Bridge, with Belleville on the horizon. In the lower illustration a part of the lower town is shown as it is now.

AFTER DARK BEHIND THE BRITISH FIRE-TRENCHES: PERILOUS TASKS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE FRONT.



STANDING STOCK STILL FOR THEIR LIVES: A RATION-PARTY AND THE "JOY WATER" MAN CAUGHT IN THE OPEN BY AN ENEMY STAR-SHELL.



WEARING "SHRAPNEL HELMETS" IN CASE A STAR-SHELL SHOULD REVEAL THEM AND DRAW FIRE: BRITISH "TOMMIES" FILLING AND CARRYING SAND-BAGS.

Two necessary operations in trench life, routine incidents which take place nightly at the front, close up to the firing-line, are depicted on this page. In the upper illustration a British ration-party are seen on being suddenly revealed to the enemy marksmen by the light of German star-shells. At the moment, the party were making their way cautiously in single file across a strip of open ground at the back of "No Man's Land," as the space intervening between our fire-trenches and those of the enemy is called. Instantly, on the bursting of the shells, every man stood dead still. That is the only chance of escaping a hail of bullets from the enemy's trench-snipers,

just then of all times keenly on the alert and watching lynx-eyed. In the semi-light shed by the glare of the star-shell over the tumbled surface among the mounds and heaps of stones and soil between the shell-pits and craters, there is always a chance that absolutely motionless objects may escape observation in the few seconds that a star-shell blazes up. Notes the sender of the sketch: "On the extreme right the man may not look pleasant, but he is carrying the famous 'Joy Water,' or, politely speaking, rum." Another nocturnal duty is seen during performance in the lower illustration: filling sand-bags.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

LEADER OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE: OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

AFTER AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS:

GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, G.C.B., K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O.

It is long since the despatches of a British Commander have aroused such a thrill throughout the country as did those from Sir Douglas Haig announcing the commencement of a great British offensive against the Germans in France. Sir Douglas Haig, it will be remembered, succeeded Lord French as Commander-in-Chief last December. He is a Fifeshire man, and was born in 1861. After his education at Clifton, Brasenose, and Sandhurst, he entered the 7th Hussars in 1885. In the Nile Expedition of 1898 he fought at the Atbara and Khartoum; and in the South

African War, during which he was in command of mounted columns, he was present, among other actions, at Elandslaagte, Paardeberg, and the Relief of Kimberley. Subsequently, in India, he was successively Inspector-General of Cavalry, Director of Military Training at Headquarters, Director of Staff Duties, Chief of the Staff and a Member of the Viceroy's Council. In 1912 he became Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot. Earlier in the present war he was in command of the First Army, and was many times mentioned with high praise in Lord French's despatches.

"ENORMOUS STROKES UPON INVISIBLE ANVILS": A BRITISH HEAVY GUN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED. SUPPLIED BY C.N.



AN EXAMPLE OF "ARTILLERY ACTIVITY" ON THE BRITISH FRONT: A HEAVY GUN ON A RAILWAY MOUNTING—RAMMING HOME THE SHELL.



A BRITISH HEAVY GUN ON A RAILWAY MOUNTING: THE MOMENT OF FIRING.

"The steady shelling of the German line along the whole length of our front from Ypres to the Somme," wrote Mr. Philip Gibbs recently, "still continues, and beyond a doubt the work of the guns is inflicting severe damage upon the enemy." Describing the huge concussion caused by the firing of heavy artillery, he writes: "The guns slammed sharply,

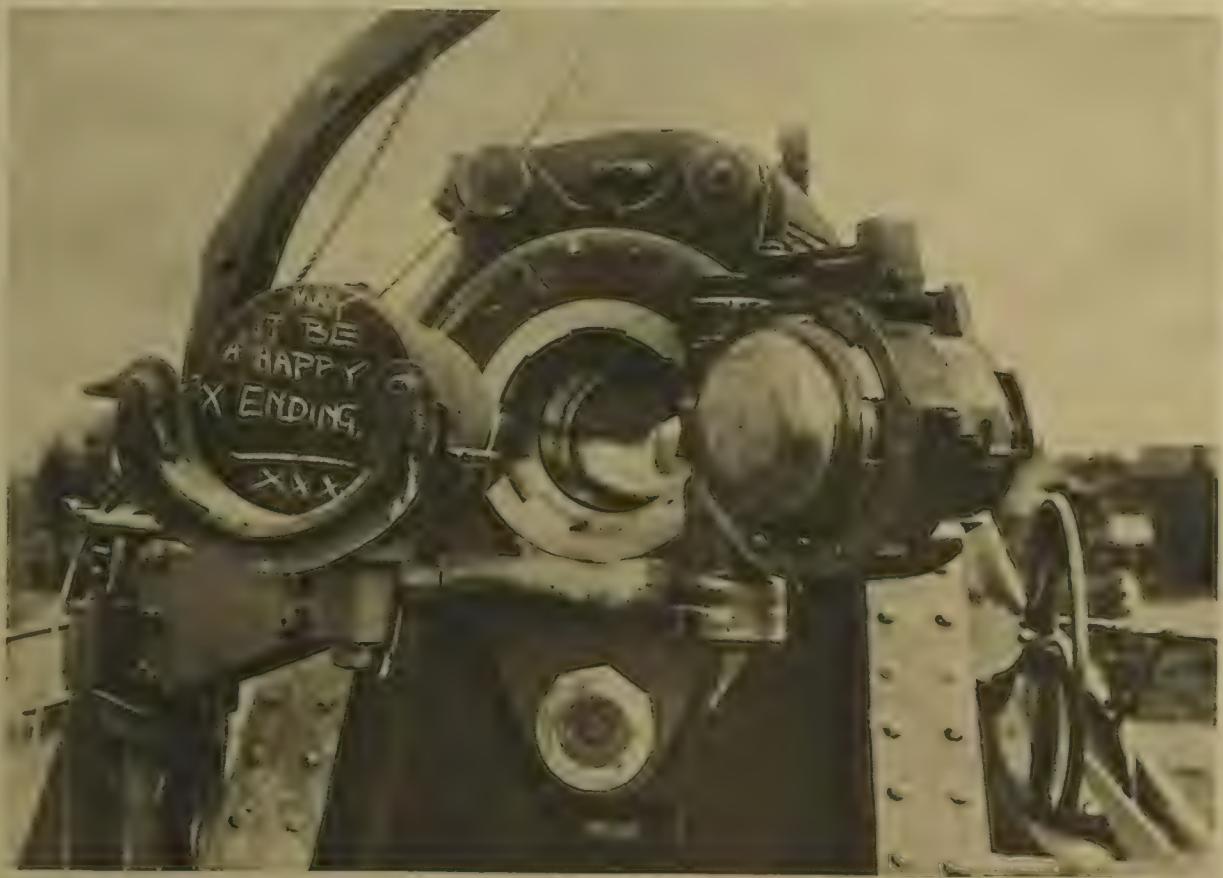
with hard, metallic knocks. The glib phrase of 'the thunder of guns' is untrue to the noise of the bombardment. It was not a continuous roll, but a series of enormous strokes upon invisible anvils, and from the lighter guns a tattoo of drums." The enemy's reply was feeble. Only a few shells answered our batteries."

"ARTILLERY HAS BEEN ACTIVE ALONG THE FRONT": BRITISH HEAVY GUNS.

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WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN FEELING THE WEIGHT OF BRITISH ARTILLERY: A HEAVY GUN IN ACTION.



AN INSTANCE OF THE GRIM HUMOURS OF WAR: "A COMPLIMENTARY MESSAGE READY TO BE SENT TO FRITZ" ON A BRITISH SHELL.

In a recent official report from the British General Headquarters on the Western Front it was stated: "The artillery of both sides has been active along the front, and the hostile trenches much damaged in many places." A German communiqué issued on the same date said: "Artillery fighting reached great violence at times." In conjunction

with the bombardment numerous trench raids have been made by our men, and the German prisoners captured on these occasions are reported to have been much demoralised by the formidable effects of our artillery fire. The explosive shells from the big guns, it is said, have wrought great havoc in the enemy's lines.



HOW GERMAN DEFENCES ARE BATTERED DOWN: A GIANT THAT ANSWERS THE ENEMY'S 17-INCH GUNS.

The Allies are now provided with heavy artillery fully equal to anything the Germans have employed. The drawing shows an enormous French gun which delivers a mighty counterblast to the 17-inch pieces with which the enemy surprised us early in the war.

THE CHARGE OF THE CANADIANS AT YPRES: HOW THE GALLANT DOMINION TROOPS RETOOK LOST TRENCHES.

DRAWN BY
CATON WOODVILLE.

FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND WORK WITH BAYONET, RIFLE-BUTT, AND SPADE:

The Canadians once more showed their splendid fighting quality in the recapture of the positions near Sanctuary Wood, where, it will be remembered, the Germans had won some ground early last month. The Dominion men were eager to recover it by their own efforts, and they did so triumphantly, after a heavy preliminary bombardment by our artillery. "The Canadian troops," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "charged at two o'clock in the morning. Their attack was directed to the part of the line from the southern end of Sanctuary Wood to Mount Sorel, about a mile, which includes Armagh Wood, Observatory Hill, and Mount Sorel itself—most important because of the high ground. The attack was a complete success."



CANADIAN TROOPS AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE GERMANS NEAR YPRES.

The enemy's shell-fire was heavy, but the Canadians got through under the cover of our own guns, which had lengthened their fuses a little and continued an intense bombardment behind the enemy's first line. The men advanced in open order and worked downwards and southwards into their old positions. In one place of attack about forty Germans, who fought desperately, were killed almost to a man, just as Colonel Shaw had died on June 2 with his party of eighty men who had rallied round him. It was one shambles for another, and the Germans were not less brave, it seems. One officer and 113 men surrendered."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE MINING OF THE
SACRED CAT.

THE SPILING UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEK AT CONSTANTINOPLE, INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHONIUS OF TRALLEIS & S.

PAGE FORTY-SIX

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BUTTER AND ITS SUBSTITUTES

No one needs to be told at this time of day that a certain amount of fat is a necessary component of a hygienic diet. Beside the many scientific demonstrations that have been given of this fact, we have before our eyes an object-lesson of the most convincing kind in the women-folks of our German enemies, whom our blockade has compelled to wait for hours, and even days, *en queue* in the hope of being able to buy the eighth of a pound of butter per head which is allotted to each adult weekly. Clearly, no one would undergo such hardships were it not brought home to them that a modicum of fat in one's daily food is indispensable; and it is one of the cases in which the laws of nature, if violated, are apt to avenge themselves quickly and unmistakably. Anyone who confines himself to a fatless diet will soon become aware of the loss of bodily heat which it brings with it; while, if persisted in, it will probably make its influence upon digestion visible in the shape of eczema or some other skin disease.

In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that nearly every race of men assigns to fat a prominent place in its dietary, from the Esquimaux, whose favourite delicacy is seal-blubber, to the Tibetan monk, who butters his tea. The most digestible and convenient form of this is, naturally, butter, which the living animal supplies at no other expense than that involved in care and feeding; but it is not very easy of transport, and soon deteriorates by keeping. Hence substitutes for it have for some time been sought for, the most efficient being, perhaps, the familiar margarine, which was invented, like so many other things, in France, just before the outbreak of the war of 1870. This consists, as most people know, of beef-fat — preferably from the parts about the kidneys — which is taken from the freshly killed animal as soon as may be, is "rendered," or melted, and, after having been left to partly crystallise, is pressed. The resulting liquid is then beaten with cream which has already undergone fermentation, and, when it is "set," presents an imitation of butter which is likely to deceive all but experts or gastronomes. Unfortunately, the process given above, which is that of the original inventor of margarine,

M. Mège-Mouriéz, is often departed from in the interests of economy, the substitution of mutton or pork fat for that of beef, and the mixing with the

cream of vegetable oil, being among the more innocent forms of adulteration.

Another form of fat used for food is the oil from olives, which almost supplies the place of butter in those favoured countries in the South of Europe



THE FRENCH PREMIER'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH SPHERE OF OPERATIONS: M. BRIAND (AMONG THE GROUP IN THE BACKGROUND) IN A MILITARY BOOT-FACTORY.

where the olive-tree can be cultivated. As no really efficient means of storing it other than bottling has yet been discovered, and as when

substitute impossible. But another vegetable comes to our assistance in the shape of the coconut, the flesh of which, after being dried in the sun, is exported to Europe under the name of copra. When this is pressed, it yields nearly sixty per cent. of its weight in oil, which, after being treated with carbonate of soda to neutralise the fatty acids it contains, is exposed to a jet of steam to rid it of its characteristic odour and taste. After this, it solidifies into a mass closely resembling butter; but, as its melting-point is a good deal lower than that of that commodity, it is generally mixed with the residue of several oils of which that from cotton-seeds is the favourite. The whole compound is then sold as an inferior quality of margarine.

These substitutes have all of them so nearly the same food value as butter made from milk that they may be taken as practically equivalent to it, nor has their use any corresponding drawback from the medical point of view. Margarine made according to the original process is slightly less digestible than butter, while its heat-forming property is, perhaps, slightly higher. The vegetable substitutes are, on the other hand, rather less efficient as heat-formers than butter, but compensate for this by being a little more digestible. All of them have the advantage over the natural commodity of keeping sweet for a very much longer time, and, up to the present, their far lower price has made them distinctly more economical. For cooking purposes there seems to be no difference that can be recognised except by connoisseurs.

These are important considerations at the present time, when everything seems to show that butter is the one food-stuff of which we are likely to find ourselves short in the near future. England has for a long time not produced enough for her own consumption, the deficiency having been filled up by Ireland, Denmark, and France — in perhaps that order. Of these, France, with so large a part of her richest agricultural provinces occupied by the enemy, is likely to want all she can produce for her own consumption; while Denmark, if all tales be true, exports as much butter to Germany as she does to us. It is therefore possible that it may be necessary for us before long largely to increase our consumption of margarine; and



M. BRIAND IN THE BRITISH SPHERE OF OPERATIONS: THE FRENCH PREMIER (ON THE RIGHT) WITH A PARTY OF BRITISH OFFICERS, INSPECTING RAILWAY TRANSPORT ARRANGEMENTS.

French War Office Photographs, issued by Newspaper Illustrations.

exposed to the air it quickly becomes rancid, it may be left out of present consideration, even if its cost, when imported, did not make its use as a

it may be as well to know that this should make no difference whatever to the consumer's health.

F. L.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEERHORN, LANGFORD, RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, AND KATE PRAGNELL.



MAJOR A. T. SEARLE DICKINSON,
Indian Army. Mentioned three times in
despatches. Officially reported killed at
Ctesiphon.

CAPTAIN HUNTER FORBES,
Indian Army. Mentioned in
despatches Suez Canal action.
Killed in Mesopotamia.

CAPT. A. DE T. MOUILLOT,
Indian Army. Son of late
Dr. Mouillot, Harrogate.
Died of wounds.

MAJOR PERCIVAL E. KNAPP,
Indian Army. Killed at Shalk Saad. Men-
tioned in despatches, Suez Canal action.
Had a distinguished record.



MAJOR R. CROSTHWAITHE COLQUHOUN,
R.M.L.I. H.M.S. "Invincible." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of late Rev. R. Col-
quhoun, Chaplain, Indian Army.

SURG. PHILIP D. PICKLES,
R.N.V.R.,
Son of Dr. J. J. Pickles, Leeds.
Killed in H.M.S. "Russell."

SURG. J. S. D. MACCORMAC,
H.M.S. "Black Prince." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of
Mr. William MacCormac.

MAJOR P. P. BALLACHEY,
Canadian Infantry. Officially reported killed
in action. Promoted to the rank of Major,
November 1915.



LT.-COMM'R. D. W. SHAFTO DOUGLAS,
H.M.S. "Black Prince." Killed in Battle of
Jutland. Son of late Admiral Sir Arthibald
L. Douglas, K.C.B., G.C.V.O.

ENG.-LT. S. ALAN ADAMS,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable." Killed in
Battle of Jutland. Son of
Mr. S. A. Adams, J.P.

LT.-COL. W. BEADON,
Indian Army. Killed in Mes-
opotamia. Mentioned in
despatches, Suez Canal action.

CAPT. LESLIE A. YOUNG,
London Regiment. Son of
late Mr. E. A. Young, of
Tany-Bryn, Bangor.

LT.-COMM'R. ROBERT C. HALAHAN, R.N.,
Officially reported by the Admiralty as having
been killed in action. Promoted Lieut-
Commander November 1915.



REV. R. MANEL KIRWAN, R.N.,
Captain, Indian Expeditionary Force, Mes-
opotamia. Son of late Rural Dean of Hartland,
and of Mrs. Kirwan, Exeter Crescent.

MID. C. H. G. SUMMERS,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable." Son of
Capt. and Mrs. Summers.
Killed in Battle of Jutland.

MID. ANTHONY E. BALD-
WIN, R.N.,
Younger son of Mr. Edward
T. B. Baldwin, barrister-at-law.

MID. STUART B. N. BOLTON,
H.M.S. "Indefatigable," officially
reported killed in the
Battle of Jutland.

SURGEON GEORGE SHORLAND,
H.M.S. "Invincible," of "The Anchorage,"
Northchurch, near Berkhamsted. Killed in
the Battle of Jutland.

LITERATURE.

"What Is Coming?" Mr. H. G. Wells, with engaging temerity, continues to play the prophet to an astonished world. On the strength of a few happy hits in his quasi-scientific romances, he has come to believe that he ought to go on with the game, so that we may be somewhat prepared for what is coming. He calls the new book of the Prophet Wells "What Is Coming?" (Cassell). Now mark, this is not a statement, but a question, so pray do not be deceived, ye hasty ones. Mr. Wells does not profess to tell you absolutely what is coming—he merely inquires; whence it would appear that he has learned the Delphic trade pretty well, and has left a convenient back-door for escape in case of accidents. They are plaguey things, those accidents, for gifted seers. Mr. Wells comes fairly near a positive statement that the war is not to see any smashing blows, but to continue in deadlock and end in exhaustion by attrition. Before this book was well published, Russia came along with her surprise, and has dealt something that every day looks more and more like a smashing blow on the grand scale. Poor Mr. Wells. He will not, however, break his heart over this little misfire. And, joking apart, he can prophesy neatly enough, when he does not commit himself to direct statement, but is content to examine recent social and economic conditions so as to indicate by implication the trend of events. There he makes out something of a case for himself, and we read him with pleasure—and, let us hope, profit. But, on the other hand, he is inclined to use that blessed word "science" too much as a mere talisman, if not a catchword. Science has always been his fetish, but here he leaves it undefined. Consequently his remarks on the future of education leave much to be desired. He recognises the need of mental discipline in the study of highly inflected language, but is fiercely opposed to Greek, and not over-cordial to Latin. He looks to Russia to repair the defect. Salvation may lie there, but the question remains a vague surmise. All

his discussion of the educational problem leaves us with an uneasy suspicion that Mr. Wells's classical training cannot have been happy. He seems to regard education as a process of sack-filling. His ideally educated man will have a wallet crammed with commodities of knowledge, out of which in after-life he will select this and that as occasion arises and apply it to materially useful ends. This is not the aim of education, which is surely the production of a sound mental attitude equal to the formation of right moral judgments. He sets some store by history,

existence, there being nothing artificial about war." In that cheerful and invigorating spirit "F. O. O."—initials which stand as a Service abbreviation for "Forward Observation Officer"—has written "With the Guns" (Evelyn Nash). The words quoted are from the first chapter of the book, which is certainly one of the most readable and incidentally instructive monographs of war service, adventure, and experience on the Western Front that has appeared. The general reader, it may be remarked, should, quite apart from the incidents of the story told, be able to pick up a great deal of useful information about our artillery of a kind that is bound to be helpful towards getting a grip of the meaning of the war news in the daily newspapers. "F. O. O." not only knows as an expert what he is writing about, but—and it is a very different thing—knows how to make the reader see and realise what is being described to him. His keen eye for "points," and brisk, attractive style will not let the book be readily put down by whoever takes it up. Specially interesting chapters are the four particularly concerned with the Battle of Loos, the story of which great engagement bulks largely in the book: "The Four Days," "The Day of the Assault," "Straightening the Line," and "Loos." The first and fourth of the chapters include an eye-witness's description of the terrain of the battlefield and of the celebrated pylons, nicknamed by our men the "Tower Bridge," which is really clearer and more comprehensible than any account that has yet appeared in print. Here are two interesting glimpses of our Allies, the French, that "F. O. O." gives us. One is of a French artillery Colonel. "A spare figure in a close-fitting jacket, a bullet-shaped head set with a pair of piercing eyes that discovered everything without the assistance of the tongue, he was the ideal of an artillery officer. He had the scientific mind that absorbs every detail and stores it away in a pigeon-hole ready for immediate use. Never once after the first time that I was introduced to him did he fail, wherever we met, to stop, shake hands, and address me by name. In a hurried quarter of an hour I once



'MID OLD-WORLD CHARM OF ENGLAND: AT MICKLETON.
There are two Mickletons in England. That illustrated is in Gloucestershire. To it went the 26-30 Weeley "touer" here seen, much to the delight of driver and passengers.'

but tells us with emphasis that history never repeats itself. Hearing this, we take leave to doubt very respectfully Mr. Wells's attainments in true historical study. Without that, even a prophet comes to his work at some disadvantage.

"With the Guns," "The life of a gunner is a rough paradise for a man with health and strength—plenty of work, plenty of sport, and complete freedom from the cares of an artificial

lery Colonel. "A spare figure in a close-fitting jacket, a bullet-shaped head set with a pair of piercing eyes that discovered everything without the assistance of the tongue, he was the ideal of an artillery officer. He had the scientific mind that absorbs every detail and stores it away in a pigeon-hole ready for immediate use. Never once after the first time that I was introduced to him did he fail, wherever we met, to stop, shake hands, and address me by name. In a hurried quarter of an hour I once

(Continued overleaf)

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recited to him all the technical details of the howitzer with which we were armed. Weeks afterwards, I heard him repeat faultlessly all the details, with others he had noticed for himself. If he be a type of the senior artillery officer, happy are our Allies in the possession of such men." And of "their incomparable soixante-quinze," which is in point in these Verdun days. "A French battery will come into action in an inconceivable short time, and will continue in action night and day at a rate of fire that is unbelievable to one who has not heard it." This is the second story: "The devotion of the French priest strikes me with the deepest admiration. I have seen a battery heavily shelled and suffer many casualties, so that the detachment were forced to take to their dug-outs. The doctor galloped up on horseback, but the priest, on foot, running with his soutane tucked up round his waist, was there first, out in the open, administering Extreme Unction to the mortally wounded, helping others to a place of safety." The chapter on "Observation" is one that may be commended to the reading of O.T.C. officers under training for the front, as also that on "Telephones." Good stories, it may be added in conclusion, crop up all over the book.

"Economy of Food." One effect of the war has been to cause people not individuals only, but whole nations—to study their food at a fresh angle. There are three ways in which we regard our meals. A fourth, indeed, has been forced on a surprised world—the contemplation of empty plates. But in normally pecuniuous times the three aspects food presents for our consideration are as nutriment, relish, and cost. The three, of course, constantly overlap. Relish of the stomach has to be modified by the majority of us often to suit the convenience of the purse. A poor man cannot cultivate a fine palate, and live. An unhappy race of dyspeptics again, have to limit their appetite to the poor satisfaction of a dietetic formula. Able to afford a feast with junkets nightly, they must needs sit down always to a minimum menu of adjusted proteins and carbo-hydrates. Now, in these abnormal and imppecunious times, food tends to become, for masses of people, mere diet. The different articles of it are searched for their nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous properties, as were lentils—some of us can remember—when those leguminous nutrients were discovered in aid of a population driven upon the charity of the public soup-kitchen. The question of meals is now one of the absorption of the maximum of energy at the minimum of cost—or, in other words, seeing that you get your money's-worth in nutriment. And this

is the subject discussed, in a really fascinating way, by Dr. J. Alan Murray in his "Economy of Food" (Constable), a popular edition of which here makes a timely appearance. The work itself is popular, but at the same time strictly scientific. From the physiology and the chemistry of nutrition, the reader passes to the constituents of the different foods in detail, ultimately extracting from the knowledge gained a solution of his own needs in nutrients,

solution demands a simultaneous comparison of the compositions of foods and their prices. Hence the reader has set him the task of working out delightful equations in percentages of protein and fats in rump-steak and brisket, peanuts, halibut, Dutch cheese, and the rest, and their relative pence values—all with the satisfaction of thinking that so he may practise economy for the good of the State and of his own body and soul. It sounds technical; it is really (as has been said) fascinating, and for a counsel of perfection is remarkably sound sense.

Italy at this moment is in the throes of a great struggle; along with France, she has been for some time past bearing the brunt of the enemy's onset. It is a fitting time, therefore, for British readers to show their sympathy with our brave Italian Allies; and an opportunity of doing so in a practical manner is now open to them. "The Book of Italy" (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net) has been issued by the Pro-Italia Committee, under the auspices of Queen Elena, both to raise funds for the Italian Red Cross and the Italian Soldiers' and Sailors' Families in the United Kingdom, and also as a means of fostering still closer intimacy between the Italian and British peoples. The book itself, which is full of interesting contributions, literary and musical, and abundantly illustrated, in colour and otherwise, is in itself well worth having, apart from any charitable considerations. It has been edited by Dr. Raffaele Piccoli, Lecturer in Italian at Cambridge, and contains an Introduction by Lord Bryce. The frontispiece is from a painting by Sargent.

Among the efforts of what may be called trench-journalism, far and away the most interesting example so far produced is "The Anzac Book" (Cassell), which was written and illustrated by the men of Australia and New Zealand while they were in Gallipoli. "Practically every word in it was written and every line drawn," writes the editor, Captain Bean, "beneath the shelter of a water-proof sheet or of a roof of sand-bags—either in the trenches, or, at most, well within the range of the oldest Turkish rifle, and under daily visitations from the smallest Turkish field-piece." Considering these circumstances, the quality of the contributions is wonderful. The Anzacs show themselves particularly strong in verse, but there are many amusing prose pieces also. General Birdwood himself contributes a preface. The illustrations include thirteen fine colour-plates and hundreds of drawings and photographs. The volume is sold at 2s. 6d. net, and the proceeds are being devoted to patriotic funds connected with the Anzac forces.



WITH A CAPTURED GERMAN HELMET AND CAPS MUCH IN EVIDENCE! "AFTERNOON TEA" ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.

of which, more or less cheerfully, he may later test the efficacy by practical application at the table. The inquiry is complicated by the fact that there is very little connection between the market price of foods and their nutritive values. As a problem of pecuniary economy, the

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BLUFF" AT THE GARRICK.

HERE is one scene in Mr. Lucas Landor's melodramatic extravaganza, "Bluff," which no playgoer worthy of the name, however sophisticated, could fail to find thrilling. It is that in which Xavier de Cigognac, in the cause of love and friendship, sets himself to wrest the truth about some scoundrelism out of a miserly old curmudgeon by burning, one after another, this creature's cherished hundred-pound notes. Aaron Kelp is cashier of a greater rogue, one Bulstrode, trustee of the woman Xavier worships; and from the servant this Quixote of a Frenchman goes on to the master. But here Xavier's weakness for drink proves his undoing, and it is only when things are at their blackest and the fate of prison seems threatening the innocent instead of the guilty that the fantastic hero makes performance fit promise, and by means of weapons that are no weapons, and a cock-and-bull story, routs the fraudulent enemy and goes off in triumph. You will see that this is a one-part play, and that enjoyment of it must depend on whether author and actor between them endow their extravagant puppet with sufficient gusto, humour, pace, and overpoweringness to maintain illusion. The playwright outlines his Xavier well enough, his theatrical poses, his grandiloquence, his panache; but he makes a mistake, surely, in letting him temporarily collapse under temptation—that breaks the spell, shows up the weakness of his resources, brings the cold fit on the audience. The actor, who is Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, gives the man the flowing tie and wild hair and tearing manner which seem appropriate, strikes grotesque attitudes, and pours out broken English fast and furiously, but is not quite able sometimes to carry off his loquacity.

The performance has colour and fantasticality, but just misses inspiration. Mr. C. V. France's ease of manner is helpful in the character of Bulstrode, but his chances are few, more failing to Mr. Norman Page, whose study of the cashier is neatly and rightly Dickensian.

"SOME" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

That is an ingenuous stroke of Mr. Harry Grattan's which makes him start his latest revue with its finale and then work backwards, which rings up a dark scene wherein cab-

whistles are heard and fun is poked only too faithfully at the expense of theatregoers anxious to get home. But the joke does not last long enough to be painful, and straightway we are switched off behind the scenes and made free of more than one dressing-room, and shown all the anxieties and excitements of a first-night performance. There follows a delightfully whimsical nursery scene, as well as a skit on the Academy and its pictures, and a travesty in which our

sorts of people in imitations; and Miss Peggy May dancing deliciously—not to speak of American comedians whose energy and verve appear to be inexhaustible. One other feature should be mentioned—Mr. James Tate's tripping, melodious score.

The directors of John Knight, Ltd., have declared the usual interim dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended May 31, 1916, payable on the 15th proximo.

Not only experts, but the public in its widest sense, will be interested to know that Mr. Winston Churchill has authorised the *Sunday Pictorial* to publish a series of important articles from his pen, entitled "The Four Chapters of the War." Coming from the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, these will have especial interest, and our contemporary, which is read by millions every week, will beat its own record next Sunday, when the first of Mr. Churchill's articles will appear.

The name and reputation of Messrs. Waring and Gillow will draw thousands to Oxford Street to secure some of their sale bargains, especially in carpets. The beautiful "Ardebil" carpets—one of the finest makes of Wilton, for example—were manufactured previous to the war with the choicest materials and dyes. Yet these, in the always useful 12 ft. by 9 ft. size, are offered for eight guineas, in place of £9 12s. The seamless Wiltons and Axminsters cannot be repeated in design or price for a long time, and the opportunity of this sale is quite exceptional. In Irish table-linen great bargains are offered. There are good cotton sheets at 7s. 11d. to 10s. 9d. a pair, single-bed size; or for double beds from 10s. 9d. to 13s. 9d. a pair. Linen sheets are becoming scarce, and the price is 29s. 6d. a pair single and 42s. a pair double bed size. Pretty novelties in afternoon-tea cloths begin at 5s. 11d. each, and range to 23s. 6d. each, with lace borders and handsome embroideries. Lace curtains will be found in great variety between those for bedroom windows, at 3s. 6d. a pair, to those of large size for drawing-room use in Swiss lace, at 22s. 6d. a pair. Thousands of yards of cretonnes begin at 4d. a yard, and range upwards at 6d., 8d., 10d., and 1s. 6d. a yard. A pretty tea-service, reproducing an old Swansea design, is £2 7s. 6d., a sovereign below its usual price.



WITH THE CANADIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A HIGHLANDER CLEANING HIS RIFLE.

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telephone system is irreverently handled. "Soms," in fact, proves one of the brightest and breeziest entertainments, with dozens of good turns and plenty of variety. Perhaps Miss Lee White may be reckoned the "star" of the production; her song about the "Jingle Johnnie"—a dreadful creature, we saw him lowered from the ceiling—and another asking "Have You Seen the Ducks Go By?" were among the most applauded things of the evening. But then, there is also Miss Tiny Grattan, hitting off all

URODONAL

RENEWS THE SYSTEM.

SECOND YOUTH.

Dr. Maurice de Fleury, Fellow of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, in the course of a lecture on the symptoms of "Premature Old Age," made the following highly interesting communication to his colleagues:

"The crisis which gives to the observer the impression of a critical period in life, usually starts with digestive disorders, viz., atonic dyspepsia, spasm of the stomach, obstinate constipation, swelling of the epigastric region and congestion of the face after meals, dyspepsia following any effort, shortness of breath after climbing a few stairs or running a few paces; whilst a strange feeling of lassitude overcomes the patient, whose muscles are stiff and inert, as if they had been bruised. The normal balance between his own strength and the weight of his body appears to be disturbed so that he can hardly drag himself along. He suffers with insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day; there is a persistent feeling of numbness at the nape of the neck, headache, a tight feeling at the temples with an odd sensation of emptiness in the head. Others suffer from nocturnal cramp or 'dead' fingers. The sclerotic coat (white) of the eye turns yellow; and from a rosy tint, the skin gradually becomes purple, while the plumpness of good health degenerates into a swollen appearance. There is an occasional feeling of discomfort in the region of the heart, reminiscent of *angina pectoris* (especially in the case of smokers). Attacks of influenza leave persistent wheezing, almost amounting to attacks of asthma at night. Haemorrhoids occur, and the veins of the lower limb become prominent. There is palpitation of the heart, sudden waves of heat to the face, followed by icy cold. The kidney secretions are thick and form deposits. Later on, the patient wonders why it is he no longer feels his former enthusiasm for work. His memory is less responsive and less reliable, proper names, figures, etc., cannot be remembered, and speech becomes slow and hesitating. Whenever need arises for prompt decision, the will, which was formerly quick and definite, is now halting and undetermined. The face becomes drawn and worn, and there is a constant dread of being told he 'looks ill.'"

Communication to the Académie de Médecine.

After closely investigating and following up 201 cases, Prof. M. de Fleury states emphatically that in 165 patients (that is, 82 per cent.) a marked excess of uric acid was present. Nothing more is required to make a man look old before his age, when he is not the least inclined to being "nervy."

It is, of course, regrettable that a man's health and strength, and even his intellect, should be at the mercy of a few stray crystals. It is, however, consoling to know that these mischievous particles can be dissolved, and that URODONAL does dissolve them as quickly and as surely as "hot water dissolves sugar."

A complete course of URODONAL (3 bottles) effects a thorough elimination of uric acid, and patients feel invigorated and "rejuvenated" without running the least danger (Urodonal is absolutely harmless) and without trouble to themselves. This elimination of uric acid lowers the blood-pressure by thoroughly cleansing the kidneys and removing impurities from the arteries, and is, for those who avail themselves of it, the dawn of a second period of youth. DR. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.

URODONAL, prices 5s. and 12s. (latter size equals three 5/- bottles), prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists, or direct, post free, from the British Agents, 16a, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be obtained, post free, booklet, "Scientific Remedies," also "Treatise on Diet," and *Lancet*.

*Hoppeles*Foreign Chemists,
the full explanatory
Report.

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.

Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.

It is the dawn of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of Urodonal, as in a magic mirror.

Have faith in Urodonal and you will immediately see its good results.

Bell's THREE NUNS TOBACCO

Angling and smoking go naturally together, ensuring the full enjoyment of moments of rest and leisure. Coolness and rich fragrance combined make "Three Nuns" the ideal mixture for anglers - and "other honest men."

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

PER **8 d.** OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES
MEDIUM.

4d. for 10.

481



Safe Investments in War-Time.

Many investors have had their income substantially diminished owing to the war. Others suffer anxiety from the reduced value of their holdings. A

"STANDARD ANNUITY"

provides complete security and a high and constant return, regardless of the fluctuations of the market. It is the safest investment at the present time, and there are no investment expenses.

A man of 60 can obtain an income of £9 7s. 9d. a year for the rest of his life for every £100 invested.

Write for a free copy of the Booklet P5 on "The War and Investment," dealing with the new and specially favourable "Standard" Annuity Rates.

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The FRENCH VICHY-CÉLESTINS



for disorders of the LIVER:
GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,
RHEUMATISM and all ailments
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the World.

Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.; and at Liverpool and Bristol.

Keep on Sending HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round, airtight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required, sweetened with sugar, give 1200 calories, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how many ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to every soldier!

To Members of the Expeditionary Forces

If your Chemist cannot supply you, we will send the tin post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State with which Expeditionary Force your soldier is serving.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



Obtainable of Chemists
Price 1/6 each



"Bottled Orchards"

The delicious contents of a bottle of Whiteway's Cyder remind you irresistibly of the pleasant Apple Orchards of Beautiful Devon—possessing a delightful apple flavour and a freshness and character all its own.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER is the ideal health-beverage for all occasions, especially at meal-time



WHITEWAY'S FAMOUS DEVON CYDERS

IN BOTTLE, are brisk and sparkling like Champagne, and where a healthful beverage is required by those for whom "sparkling" drinks are unsuitable, WHITEWAY'S DRAUGHT CYDER is particularly welcomed and economical withal.

DELICIOUS HEALTH-GIVING CYDERS
made solely from British apples grown
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THE ORCHARDS, WHIMPLE, DEVON; or
Pomona House, Albert Embankment,
London, S.W.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Licensed Runs. In these chronicles of the car motoring world, but few of us realised that a time would come when it would have to be recorded that the owner of an automobile could only use his machine to the extent the Government permitted him. Yet that is the position

to find out exactly how many miles per gallon of fuel his car will travel under the worst possible conditions. Having discovered this and fitted a petrol-gauge showing how much fuel he has in the tank, the terror of being marooned will be dissipated. The airy statement that "my car goes twenty miles to the gallon" will not do nowadays, unless the owner has proved his car can always get that distance on a gallon of fuel. Also, when he receives his permitted petrol allowance, the sooner he starts diluting this with paraffin the better he will be able to discover to what extent he can increase his radius of use. Also it is well to experiment to what extent this dilution of the spirit his engine can stand without suffering either in regard to starting up or as to excessive carbonisation.

Taxi-Cabs and
Luggage.

A legal point that is of moment to users and hirees of taxi-cabs was settled at Liverpool some days ago, in which it was decided that the taxi-cab owner was responsible for the passenger's luggage. The plaintiff, a lady, claimed the value of a dressing-case and contents, lost, it was alleged, through the negligence of a taxi-cab driver. The luggage was placed on the foot-board of the taxi-cab by the side of the driver, who said it would be quite safe there. Subsequently the driver discovered the dressing-case was missing, and, despite inquiries and search, it had not been recovered. For the plaintiff it was contended that the driver had not exercised due care. The defendant company, owners of the taxi-cab, repudiated the liability on the ground that the Hackney Carriage authorities would not permit any charge to be made for luggage, and it was carried as an act of courtesy on the part of defendants, and entirely at the owner's risk. Counsel characterised the defence as a peculiar one, inasmuch as taxi-cabs came under the regulations of the authorities, a by-law stating that the rates for hire were inclusive of the charges for luggage not exceeding 2 cwt. The defendants therefore were common carriers, and they were required to exercise all reasonable care and precaution in looking after the luggage carried by them. If the luggage had been inside, probably the

driver would not have been held responsible, but even that view depends upon circumstances.

American
Combine.

Since private cars cannot be imported into Great Britain I have not written much about our American rivals' doings, but I should like to draw the attention of British motorists throughout the world to the fact that the Yankees are making extensive preparations to swamp our own manufacturers, and to deliver American goods at such temptingly low prices that motorists will want all their patriotism to resist the temptation of purchasing American cars in place of the British goods or their Allies'. The latest scheme is a combine of the Willys-Overland, Chalmers, Hudson, and the Auto-Lite Company, who in future will operate under the one controlling board. It is stated that 50,000 persons are connected with the combine, but I fancy this figure rather under-estimates the number than overstates it. In the meanwhile, I await with anxiety what the Society of Motor Manufacturers (British Section) are going to do in regard to their production after the war. No doubt they have some protective form of campaign, but as yet it has not transpired beyond their own council-chamber. From one point of view this may be excellent tactics; but I venture to state that unless they come more out in

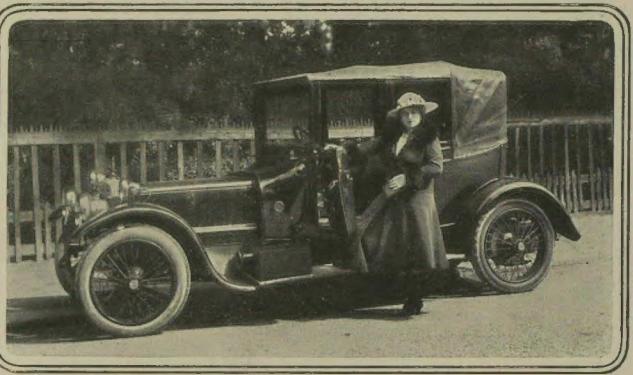


ON HIS 16-H.P. SUNBEAM: MR. T. G. BREEN, A WELL-KNOWN WINNIPEG MOTORIST.

to-day, and I expect the rules and regulations of such use will be promulgated by the time these lines are printed, or very soon afterwards. Ours is a much-belaboured pastime. Originally objected to on account of "frightfulness"—otherwise a bogey on the road emitting vile odours and creating dust-clouds that choked all and sundry—road-hogs, baby-killers, and other such titles were conferred on its votaries. Then, after getting the roads made fairly usable for all classes of traffic, motorists were taxed through the petrol duty for the payment of the improvements. Now not only is the petrol tax increased, but the supply is to be limited, so that the car-owner who has paid his annual carriage license is only to be allowed a limited use of the vehicle. True, the war must come first, and motorists will submit to almost anything for that end; yet, to say the least, one feels that "it's a bit thick," as the schoolboy expresses it.

Petrol-Gauges. I have one piece of advice to offer to every car-owner, and that is to get a petrol-gauge fitted as soon as possible to the car he owns, if he does not wish to be left high and dry on the open road one day or night. Another hint I venture to offer is

I have one piece of advice to offer to every car-owner, and that is to get a petrol-gauge fitted as soon as possible to the car he owns, if he does not wish to be left high and dry on the open road one day or night. Another hint I venture to offer is



WITH HER DAIMLER: MRS. CHARLES ANTHONY VANDERVELL, OF EGGINGTON LODGE, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

the limelight and talk, talk, and keep on talking, the U.S.A. gentlemen will have not only captured very many of the motor agents (an accomplished fact), but they will get the best part of the British motoring public as well. *Verbum sap.*

W. W.

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

A slogan from the front, coined by a soldier-driver in charge of a Vauxhall:

"The finest car on active service"

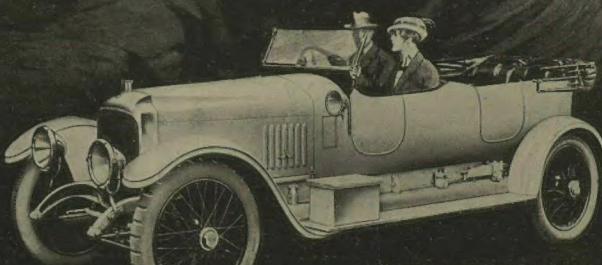
CERTAIN facts in the matter of motor-cars and war service should be kept steadily in mind by prospective buyers. One is that His Majesty's Government is still, after nearly two years' experience of Vauxhall cars, purchasing every one that can be produced. Another is that the Vauxhall factory is kept wholly engaged on the building of staff cars.

Apply these facts and you arrive at the justification for the above-quoted slogan. Take into account further that these military cars are, except for details of equipment and finish, the private cars of peace time, and you see that there is the strongest personal reason why you should form a clear and abiding idea of the special distinction achieved by the Vauxhall.

You can secure an option on a Vauxhall car for after-war delivery, without incurring any irksome obligation, by putting your name down on our waiting list. An interesting pamphlet, "Towards Preparedness," gives full particulars of this endeavour to provide a plan for the common advantage after the war of consumer and producer. Please send for a copy to-day.



A VAUXHALL MILITARY CAR



A VAUXHALL PRIVATE CAR

THE INCREASING
POPULARITY OF

B.S.A. MOTOR BICYCLES

is due to the unfailing reliability and exceptional power under the most severe tests. The 4½ h.p. B.S.A. fitted with B.S.A. Counter-shaft Three-speed Gear is easy to handle, runs smoothly, and is more economical in every way than a heavy high-powered machine.

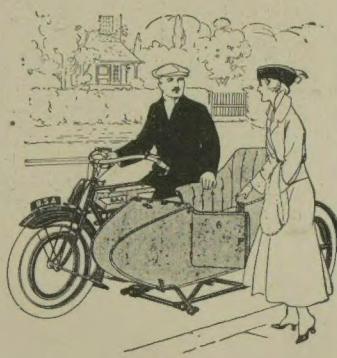
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& SIDECAR



THE MARK OF THE
"PERFECT IN EVERY PART"
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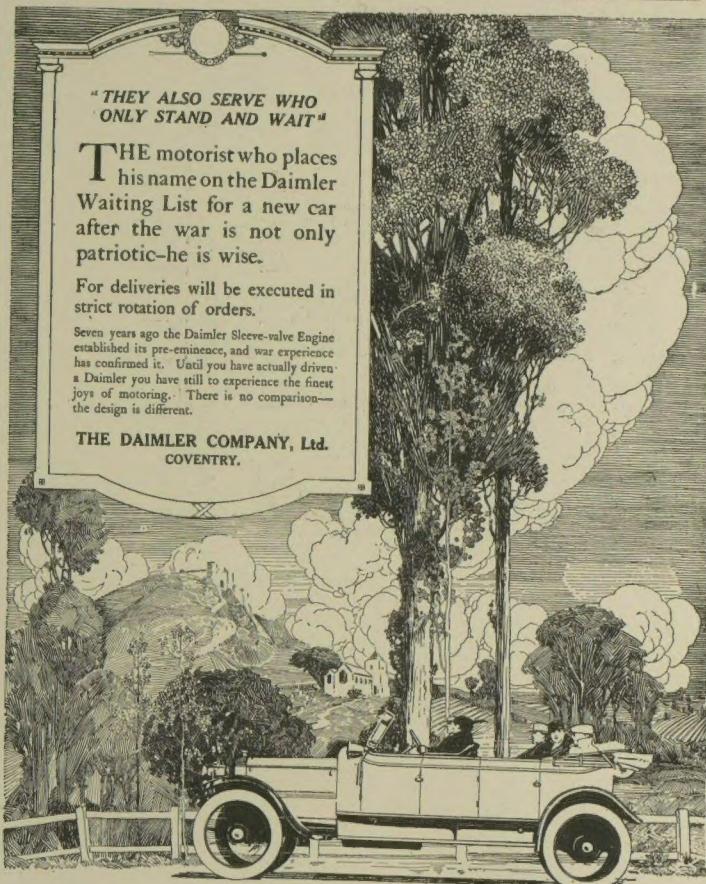
"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO
ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

THE motorist who places his name on the Daimler Waiting List for a new car after the war is not only patriotic—he is wise.

For deliveries will be executed in strict rotation of orders.

Seven years ago the Daimler Sleeve-valve Engine established its pre-eminence, and war experience has confirmed it. Until you have actually driven a Daimler you have still to experience the finest joys of motoring. There is no comparison—the design is different.

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DAIMLER

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Cream.

A NEW STANDARD OF BEAUTY!

LADIES appreciate to-day that within their reach is a spotless skin and clear complexion, thanks to new scientific thought which has inspired the production of Ven-Yusa, the oxygen "wonder cream."

Ven-Yusa is something quite novel in the way of toilet creams. It possesses a wonderfully beautifying effect which is not unconnected with its special oxygenated character.

Ladies who use the preparation describe it as giving their skin an oxygen bath, rejuvenating the tissues, clearing the complexion, and imparting nature's own youthful bloom to the face, neck, and arms.

Ven-Yusa does not convey the remotest suggestion of artificial aid. It is, in itself, natural, pure, and greaseless, and a real safeguard against summer complexion worries.

TRIAL JARS.

A trial jar will convert you into a perfect devotee of Ven-Yusa. Send name and address and 3 penny stamps to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, who will send you one of the daintiest sample jars imaginable. Mention *The Illus. L. News* when writing. Large size—price only 7s each, at Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.



Miss Gladys Cooper sees that Ven-Yusa is packed in her travelling-case.



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Best for Wear—Best for Grip.

Write for Prices; also cost of Beldam Retreads.

The Beldam Tyre Co. Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex.

Godbolds

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Cheess Editor*, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F FORD (Nottingham).—There is no rule on the subject; it is a mere matter of arrangement.

E MILLER (Gravesend).—Thanks; but problems of five and six moves and upwards are appreciated only by enthusiasts, and such compositions are altogether out of place in a newspaper column.

Problems received with thanks from E G B BARLOW, AHMAD MIRZA (Dacca), and R C DURELL.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3733 received from J B Camara (Madeira), C A M (Penang), F J McCarthy (Bunras); of No. 3731 from J B Camara; of No. 3732 from R F Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada), F Audap (Archachon), Dr. O F Blenkinsop (Richmond, U.S.A.), and J B Camara; of No. 3733 from Fidelitas, C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), and F Audap; of No. 3734 from R C Durell (Wanstead), E W Allam (Highgate), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), H Grassey Baldwin (Southsea), and Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3735 received from H Grassey Baldwin, Rev. J Christie (Redditch), A H Arthur (Bath), J Fowler, J Smart, J S Forbes (Brighton), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), and J Dixon.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. G. WILKES and W. H. WATTS.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Wilkes)	BLACK (Mr. Watts)	WHITE (Mr. Wilkes)	BLACK (Mr. Watts)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. R takes R	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	20. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 5th
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	Black now secures a passed Pawn, which the subsequent exchange of Queens makes all-powerful.	
4. B to K and	Kt to K B 3rd	21. P to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th
5. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. P takes P	P takes P
6. P to Q B 4th	B P takes P	23. R to K sq	B to Kt 5th
7. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	24. R to Q B sq	
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles	R to K B sq in anticipation of Black's similar move, seems necessary.	
9. B to Kt and	Kt to K 5th	Once the K B file is barred for White's King, the adverse passed-Pawn cannot be stopped.	
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt takes Kt	11. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
12. B takes Kt		13. R to Q B sq	B to Q 2nd
These exchanges simplify the game in one respect; but the pitting of Bishops against Bishops is often a delicate operation in chess strategy.		14. P takes P	B to Q B 3rd
		15. B to K B 3rd	R to Q B sq
		16. B takes B	Q takes B
		17. Q to Q 2nd	K R to Q sq
		18. B to Kt 2nd	R takes R

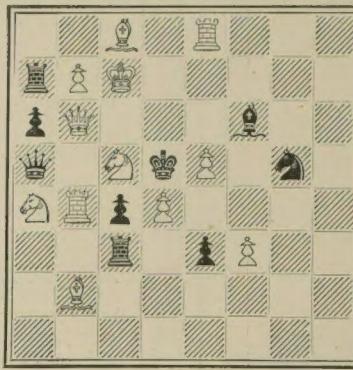
Mr. Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, E.C., announces for the end of October, the issue of "The Year-Book of Chess for 1915 and for 1916," up to date of publication. It will be under the competent editorship of Mr. W. H. Watts, while the price is fixed at 3s. net, as before. The number of copies is limited, and it will be necessary for those desiring to possess this excellent work to place their order as early as possible.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3733.—By H. J. M.

WHITE
1. B to K 3rd
2. P to R 6th (ch), and mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 3736.—By M. L. PENCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

The Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Chess Club was held on Tuesday, June 20, at 22, Albemarle Street, W. The Championship has again fallen to Mr. W. T. Pierce, who scored nine games out of ten, Mr. J. F. Chance (6½) being second. The Continuous Tournament (Handicap) was won by Mr. C. D. Looock (Class I, A) for the third time in succession, notwithstanding increased penalties, his percentage being nearly 89. Mr. B. Goulding Brown (I, B) was second with 80½ per cent.; and Mr. J. Frankland (II, B) third, with 78½ per cent. Mr. Chance was fourth; and the Rev. O. Allen, the Hon. Secretary, who had completed no fewer than 142 games since Feb. 7, fifth. There were nineteen entries. The club will be closed during the month of August.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

FICTION.

Anna of the Underworld.	G. R. Sims.	6s. net	(Chatto and Windus.)
The Dim Bourne.	Hartman Laxdale.	6s. -	(Grant Richards.)
Brownie.	Agnes Gordon Lennox.	6s. -	(The Bodley Head.)
The Triumph of Tim.	H. A. Vachell.	6s. -	(Smith, Elder.)
Dead Yesterday.	Mary Agnes Hamilton.	6s. -	(Duckworth.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Story of a Prisoner of War.	Arthur Green.	No. 6646, Somerset Light Infantry.	1s. net	-	-	(Chatto and Windus.)
The Guns.	Gilbert Frankau.	H. Fielding-Hall.	3s. 6d. net	-	-	(Constable.)
For England.	H. Fielding-Hall.	3s. 6d. net	-	-	-	(Constable.)
Because I am a German.	H. Fernau.	2s. 6d. net	-	-	-	(Constable.)
Battery Flashes.	"Wagger."	2s. 6d. net	-	-	-	(Murray.)

NEW NOVELS.

"The Bywonner." Inevitably, as it seems must be with "The Bywonner" (The Bodley Head) is a tragedy. We have noted before that the South African atmosphere makes for depression in the novelist, perhaps because of this fierce and ruthless climate to which Miss Mills-Young refers. The Bywonner himself (a bywonner is a "poor white") was, of course, good for nothing better than the poverty and humiliation assigned to him; but we hoped that Adela, who was more his wife's daughter than his own, might have been spared disaster. Tom, her brother, wins through, and this is the bright spot in the story, although it comes late in the day and after the two other chief characters have been removed from the scene—a weakness in technique that detracts from the artistic quality of Miss Mills-Young's clever novel. Adela's fate had nothing to do with the South African climate, unless you can blame the moonlight, and to our mind it is superfluously and unbearably tragic. "The Bywonner" is sure to be widely read.

"The Secret Sympathy."

Miss Mary L. Pendered has hit upon the exact balance of romantic ingredients in "The Secret Sympathy" (Chapman and Hall), a book that works out to the complete satisfaction of the reader. It recalls the bygone, pleasant method of Mrs. Henry Wood, who knew so well how to blend love and mystery, moonshine and murderers. The Moonraker's ghost is, indeed, just such an agreeably gruesome spectre as might have turned up in one of Johnny Ludlow's stories—a welcome change from the analytical realism of our modern young men. Katherine and Winsome Knollys, who are both young and pretty, are left impoverished by their uncle's death at an unhappy financial moment; and they take a country cottage, and Katherine plies her motor for hire. They bring with them a psychical maid, who sees the local ghost, and Winsome experiences a narrow squeak with the villain, and Katherine the ups and downs of true love with the hero, a chauffeur who is (why not?)—we admire Miss Pendered's pluck—the lost heir to a peerage. The war enters in the closing chapters; but it is not allowed seriously to interfere with this serene voyage to the islands of the blest, and Katherine and the recovered heir are left united over the cradle of their first baby. We enjoyed every bit of "The Secret Sympathy," and we trust Miss Pendered will soon give us another novel as unaffected and entertaining.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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